

ULTIMATE COMICS™

# X-MEN®

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ISSUE 04



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**LIVING IN A WORLD  
WHERE MUTANTS ARE  
HATED AND FEARED MORE  
THAN EVER, ONE GROUP  
OF YOUNG HEROES HAS  
BANDED TOGETHER TO  
FIGHT BACK.**

# ULTIMATE COMICS X-MEN



## PREVIOUSLY:

With mutants locked up in camps across the country, the order is to capture or kill any others on sight. Kitty Pryde, a.k.a. The Shroud, Bobby Drake a.k.a. Iceman, and Johnny Storm, a.k.a. The Human Torch, have banded together. Wolverine's son, Jimmy Hudson, went off on his own in search of answers about his father, but he's captured by the mutant-hating William Stryker. Jimmy managed to escape and return to Kitty and the gang, revealing Stryker's next move: taking all mutants down for good.

Meanwhile, Pietro Lensherr, a.k.a. Quicksilver, has offered the U.S. government a mutant-tracking device: the newly designed Cerebra. With the government able to capture mutants with ease, and Stryker's deadly plan coming to fruition, can the heroes do anything to stop them?

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NEW YORK CITY.  
THE DAY OF MAGNETO'S ATTACK.











"I'll make a man  
of you, yet."

**CRACK**

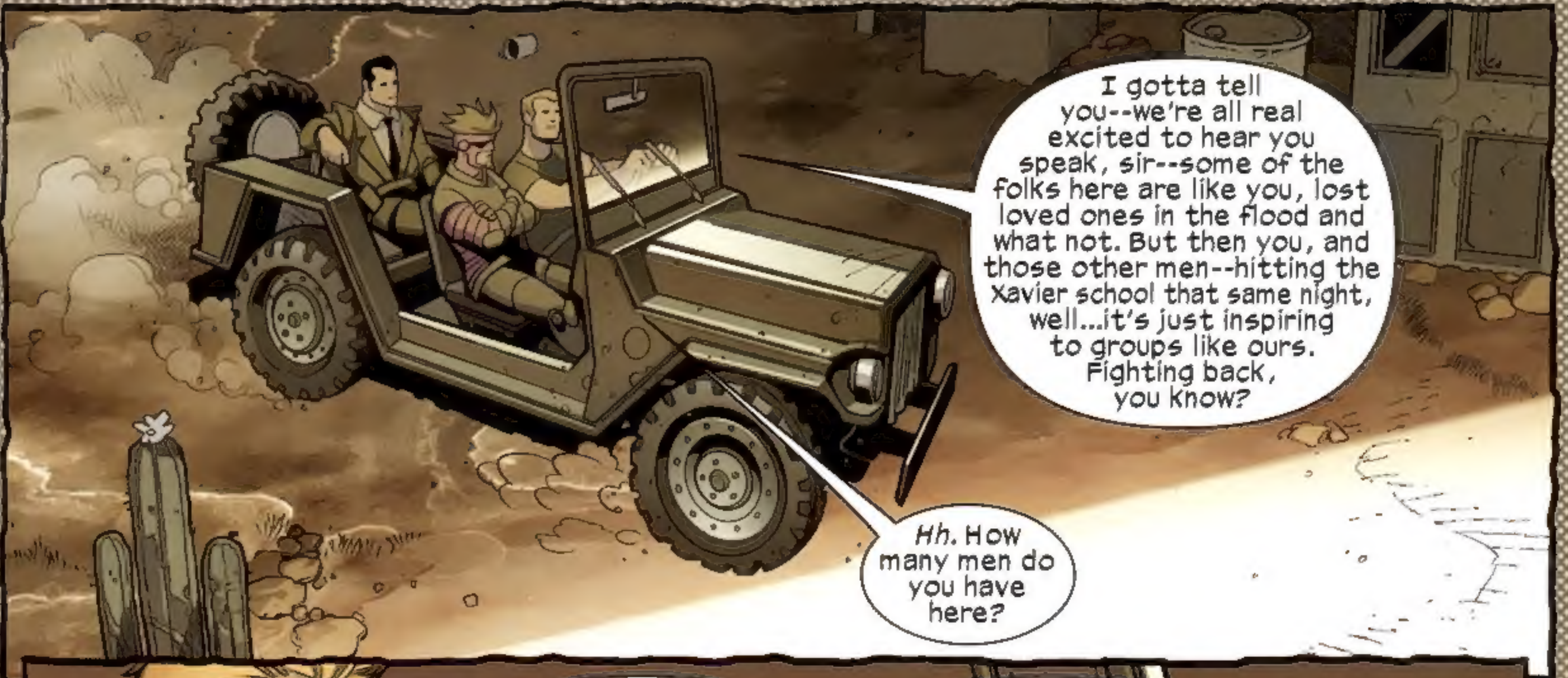


Reverend  
Stryker?

Yes?



They're  
ready, sir.



I gotta tell you--we're all real excited to hear you speak, sir--some of the folks here are like you, lost loved ones in the flood and what not. But then you, and those other men--hitting the Xavier school that same night, well...it's just inspiring to groups like ours. Fighting back, you know?

Hh. How many men do you have here?



Well, we're like most places--saw a big increase after the last election, then a bigger one after Magneto's attack.

Total membership these days is around *four hundred*--but between you and me, I'd say only about two hundred of 'em are real believers.



Then, you *know*, we got all of the families living here at the compound. And some of them, well--push come to shove, you'd rather give some of those *wives* the guns, right?

So, it's *complicated*, is what I'm--

And what is the arms situation?



We protect our rights pretty damn well. Got plenty of guys with all the way clean records, *no lists*--they go down and hit the shows every weekend. Some good *chemists*, too.

I can take you over to see the armory after your sermon, if you want.

But sir, you don't mind me asking...we've all heard the rumors--about Abilene. The miracles, I mean, is it true?

You mean that I can heal them?



Yes. Yes, it's true.

But signs and wonders are not what matter--



NOW. THE WHITE HOUSE,  
WASHINGTON, DC.

"Let me  
just see if I  
get this..."

You're  
trying to sell  
us arms, Mr.  
Lensherr?

No, no--you  
misunderstand  
me, *Ms. Cooper*...  
I don't want to *sell*  
anything to you. I  
am offering it...as  
a gift to you.

Well, I'm  
sure that  
doesn't come  
with any strings  
attached.

Are you  
questioning my  
*Integrity*?

If I could confirm its existence.  
*Mister President*, we don't  
need *Cerebro*. S.H.I.E.L.D. has its  
own mutant tracking technology  
and it's--

Horrendously  
outdated and  
obviously quite *useless*  
given this government's complete  
inability to locate most of them.

We're talking about finding  
needles in haystacks here.  
*Invisible, telepathic*  
needles.

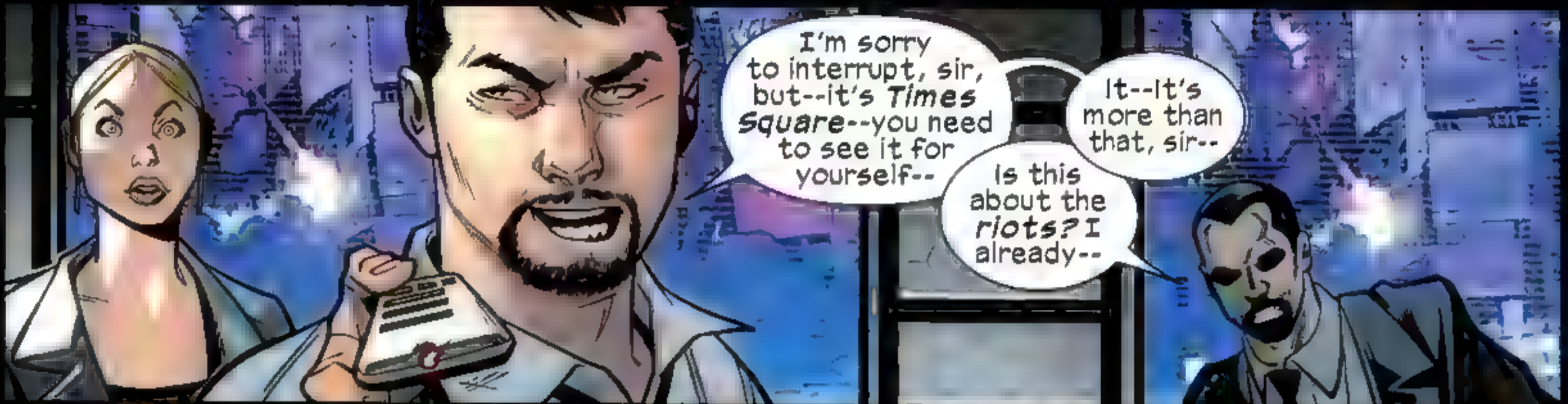
Which is  
*precisely* what my technology  
can empower you to do. My  
*Cerebra* upgrade to the original  
design provides comprehensive,  
*global* coverage with real-time--

I'm  
sorry--



Mister President--

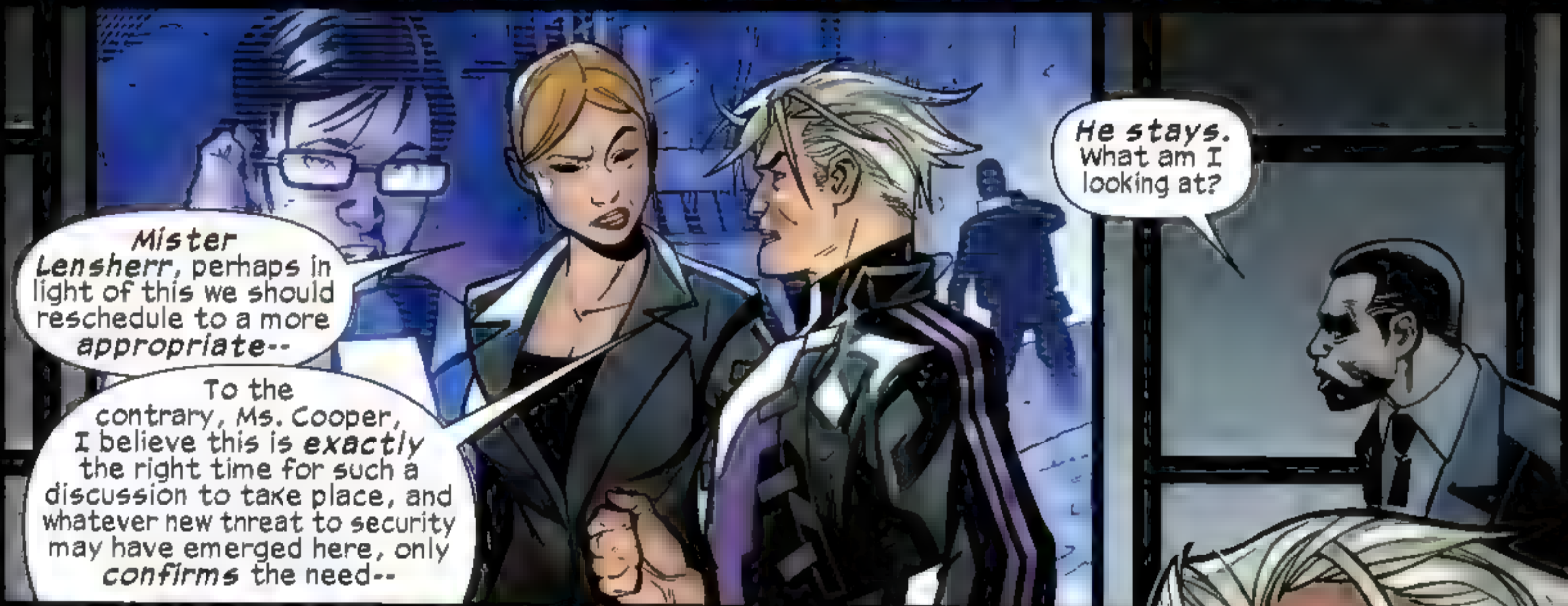
Philip, what the hell?!



I'm sorry to interrupt, sir, but--it's *Times Square*--you need to see it for yourself--

It--It's more than that, sir--

Is this about the riots? I already--



Mister Lensherr, perhaps in light of this we should reschedule to a more appropriate--

To the contrary, Ms. Cooper, I believe this is *exactly* the right time for such a discussion to take place, and whatever new threat to security may have emerged here, only *confirms* the need--

He stays. What am I looking at?



About six minutes ago, snipers took out every riot cop and National Guardsman working Midtown.

Then a series of bombings all down Broadway between Forty and Forty-fifth.

And before all the glass has even hit the ground, *this* guy steps up on top of an NYPD van and starts rallying what's left of the crowd--

His name is William Stryker Jr.





But God  
has given me  
a *message* to  
deliver--

A message  
to the kings of  
this world!



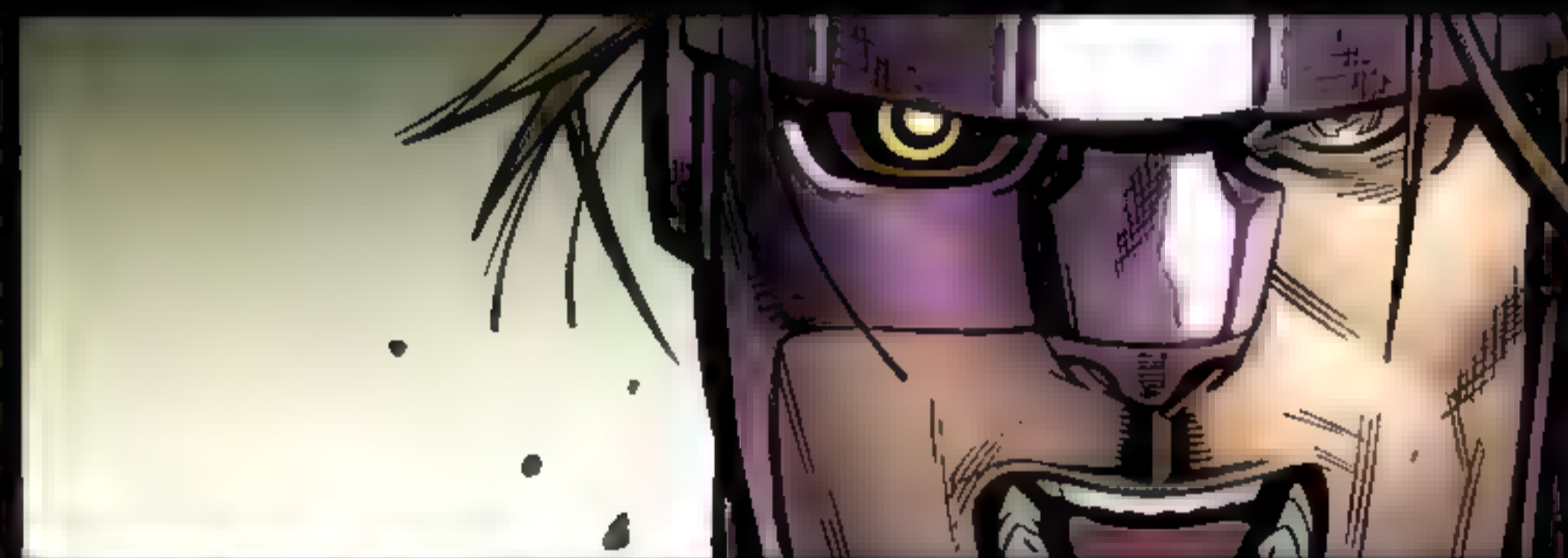
He has *seen* your  
transgressions!

He has *seen*  
all that you  
have done.



In your hubris,  
on your thrones  
in your castles,  
you *plotted*. You  
said I will make  
myself *like* the  
most high!

And so you  
poisoned your  
own *children*. And  
so you placed your  
idols inside that  
temple most  
sacred.



Now, on this  
day--*this* day  
when you stand  
*exposed*, and  
*shamed*, when your  
wicked plans have  
been made known  
to *all*--



Today he  
would judge you  
for what you  
have done.

MORLOCK TUNNELS.



Oh my god...

This is bad.

I'm going--

ROGUE

KITTY FRYDE  
A.K.A. THE SHIELD

BOBBY DRAKE  
A.K.A. ICEMAN

JOHNNY STORM  
A.K.A. THE HUMAN TORCH



You guys coming or not?  
Yeah.

Wow, he heals fast.

No.

JIMMY HUDSON



Are you serious?

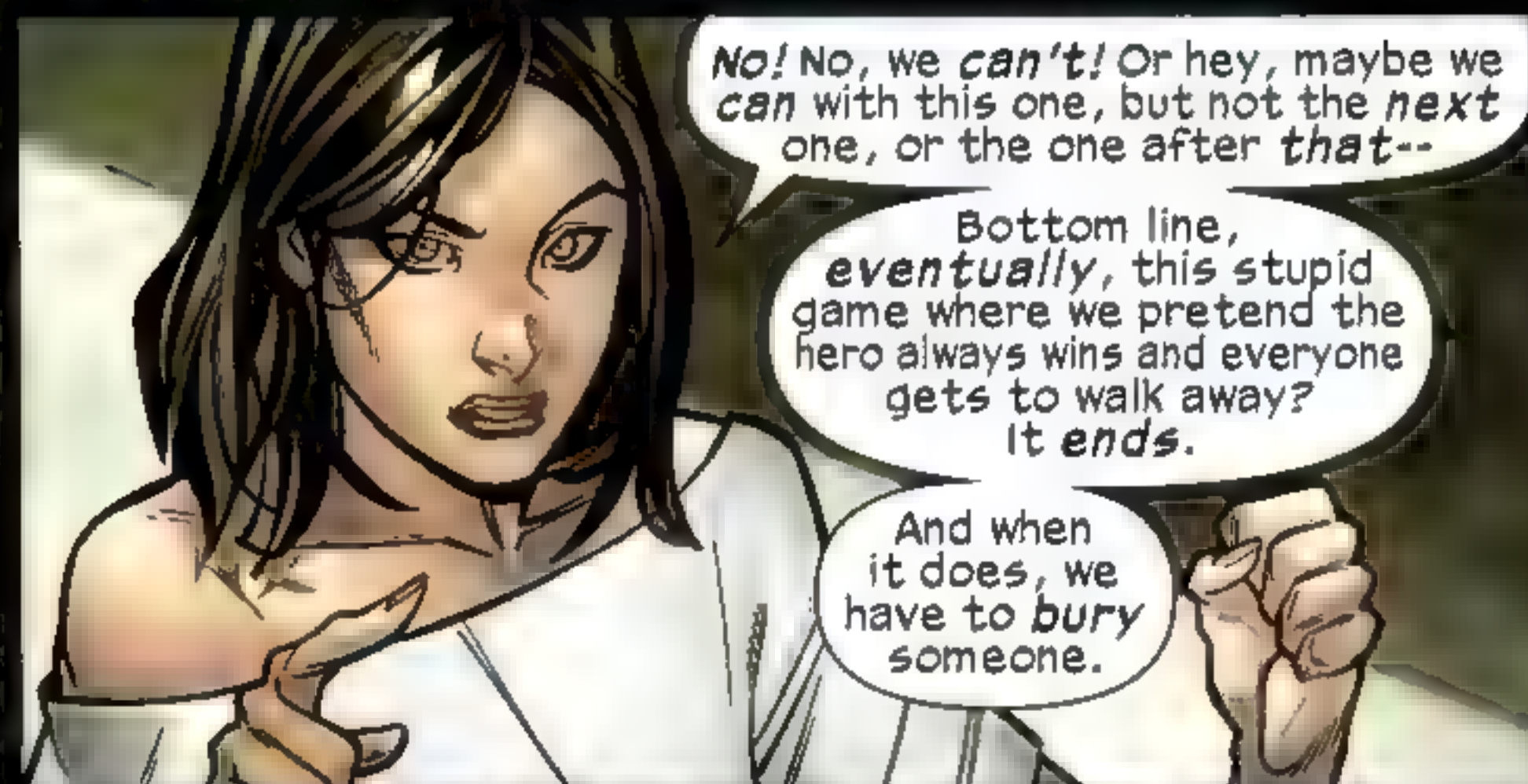
Are you?



Kitty, it looks like he's got about a hundred mutants in those trucks--he's gonna kill them...

And that's awful. I know it is. But there's nothing we can do about it.

What do you mean there's nothing we can do about it? We can kick his--



No! No, we can't! Or hey, maybe we can with this one, but not the next one, or the one after that--

Bottom line, eventually, this stupid game where we pretend the hero always wins and everyone gets to walk away? It ends.

And when it does, we have to bury someone.



Just like we did with Peter.



Sorry,  
"we"?

Johnny,  
easy--

What  
did you just  
say?

No, Bobby. I am *sick* to  
death of getting lectured  
by her like she's the  
only one who cares  
he's gone--

Oh, please, like  
I didn't notice how you  
guys were acting while we  
were getting those Sentinels  
off Rogue? *Goofing around*  
and acting like--

*Acting like  
he wasn't gone?!*  
Yeah, you know what,  
you're right. Because  
that's what he would  
want us to--

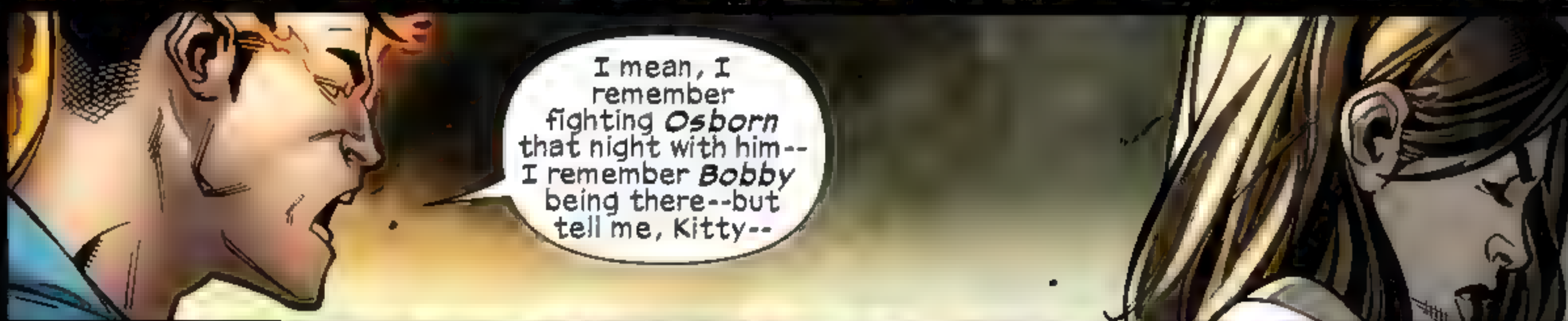
He'd  
want us to  
stay alive,  
end of  
story.



Oh, really?!  
And you know  
so well--

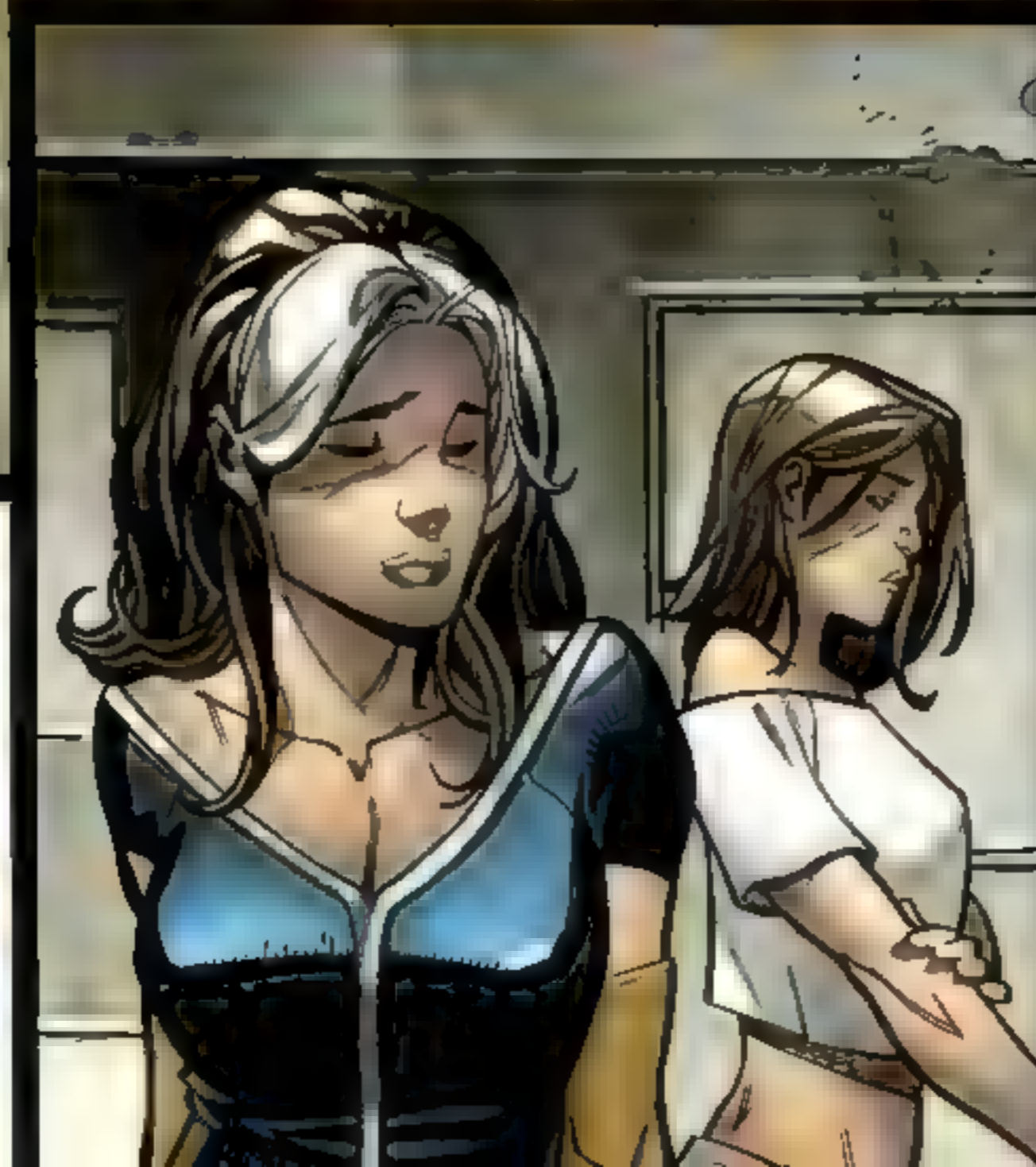
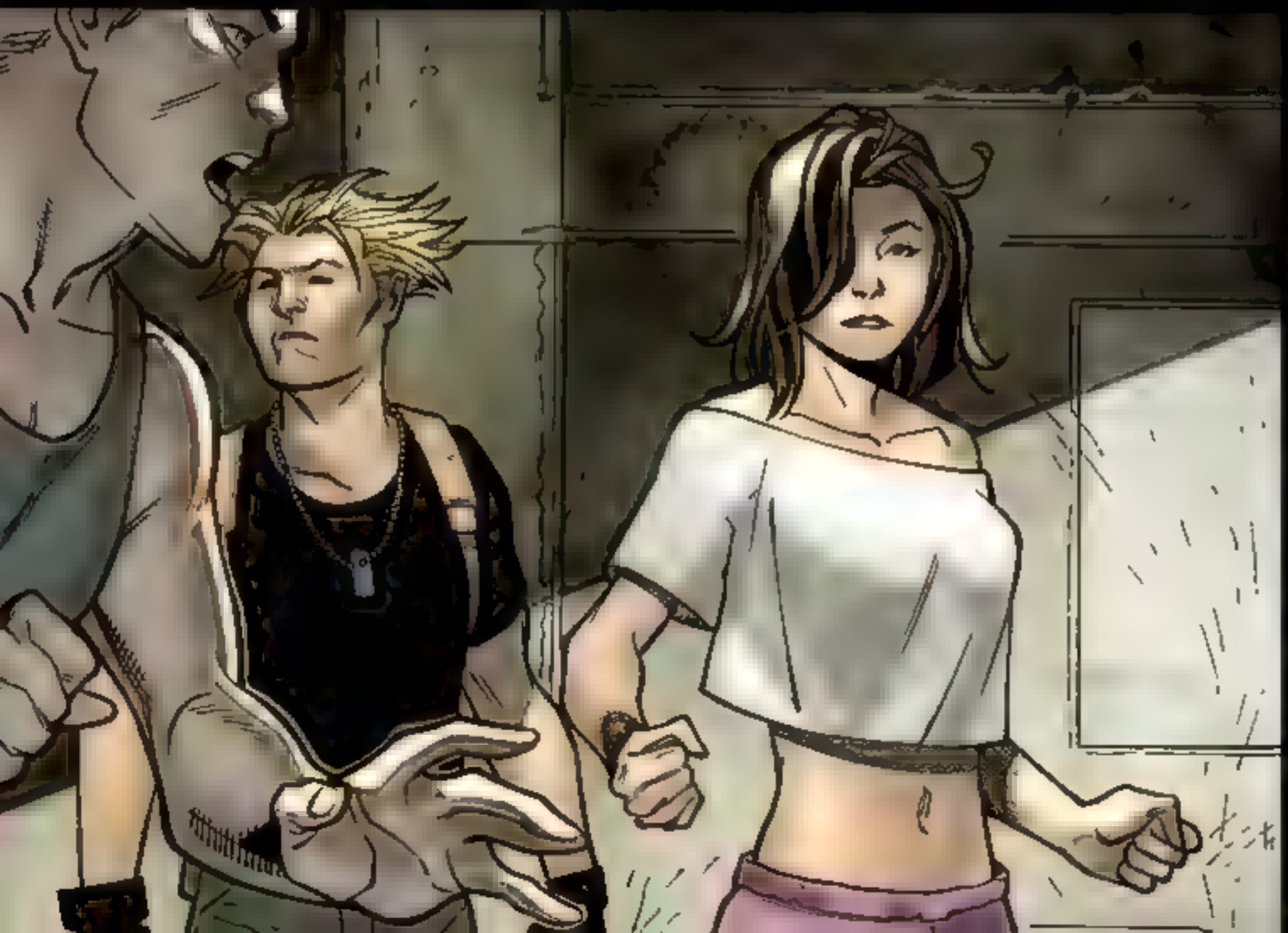
Johnny,  
come on,  
man--

No--I wanna  
hear this! How  
do you know so  
well what he  
wanted when  
he died?



I mean, I  
remember  
fighting *Osborn*  
that night with him--  
I remember *Bobby*  
being there--but  
tell me, Kitty--

Where  
the hell were  
you?!!!





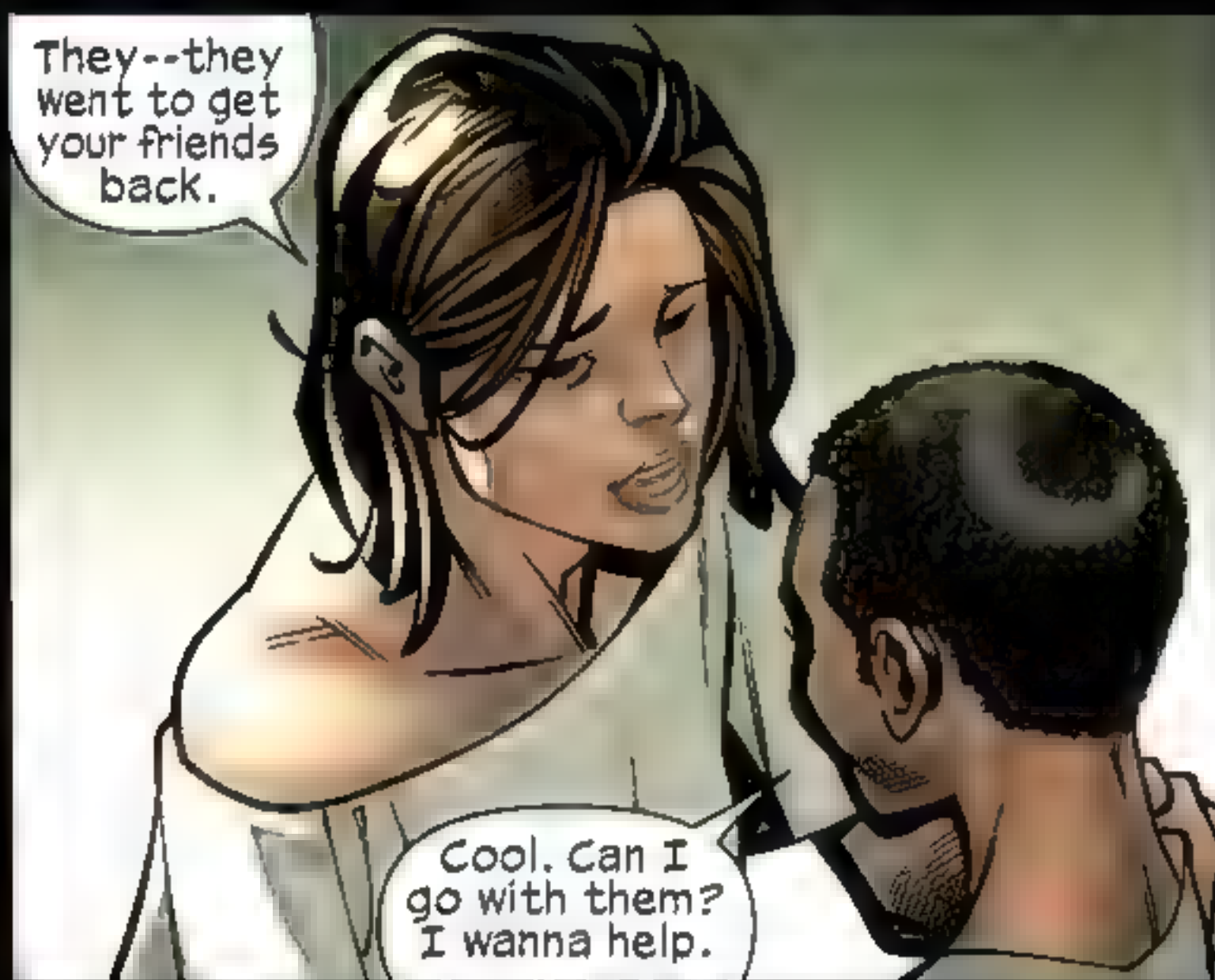
What was that noise?

Sorry, kiddo--did we wake you two up?

It's cool. Where did everyone go?



They--they went to get your friends back.



Cool. Can I go with them? I wanna help.



No--no, they'll be fine. You should let the older kids handle this, okay?



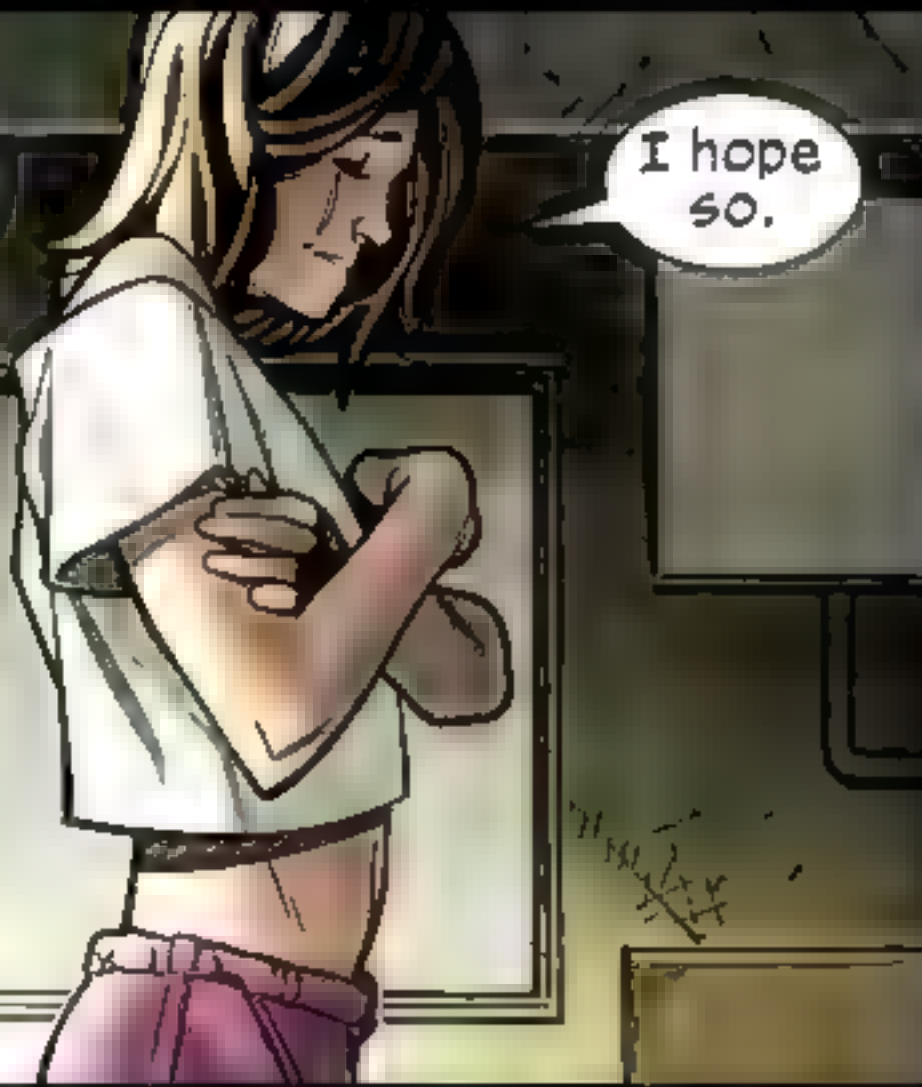
Why don't you go with them, then?



Because I'm scared.



You shouldn't be scared. Jimmy can beat him up.



I hope so.



And besides, the bad man would never hurt that white-haired girl.



Yeah? Why not?



Because he thinks she's his friend. I saw them talking back at the place they kept us at.

He likes her.



wait-- what?



There was a man brought to The Lord--a paralytic, carried to the Lord on a cot by his friends.

When the Savior saw him, he was moved so deeply by their faith-- He told the man, "*take heart, son--your sins have been forgiven.*"

And the teachers of the law were angered at the *Son--blasphemy*, they said. Only *God* can forgive sin, they said.

And the Savior *knew* their thoughts, and said to them, which is easier? To forgive this man his sins, or to *heal* him?

And so the Lord turned to the man and told him to take up his bed and *walk*.

And this is *our* calling now. They will tell us we cannot be forgiven this sin--this sin that destroys our cities and slays our children--that our robes cannot be made clean.

They will not believe--

So we must *show* them God's power.

But first we must be made whole here, *together!* Before we may witness to the world, we must make *secure* our place in the eyes of the Lord!


Who here would like to be *saved*?

Who here is like that man who was carried unto The Lord? I can *feel* your presence--and I know you can hear *his* voice--listen to it, listen to what it tells you...

Come forward, come to his altar, and talk to him--

Yes, young lady, come forward, be *healed* today--

Please...



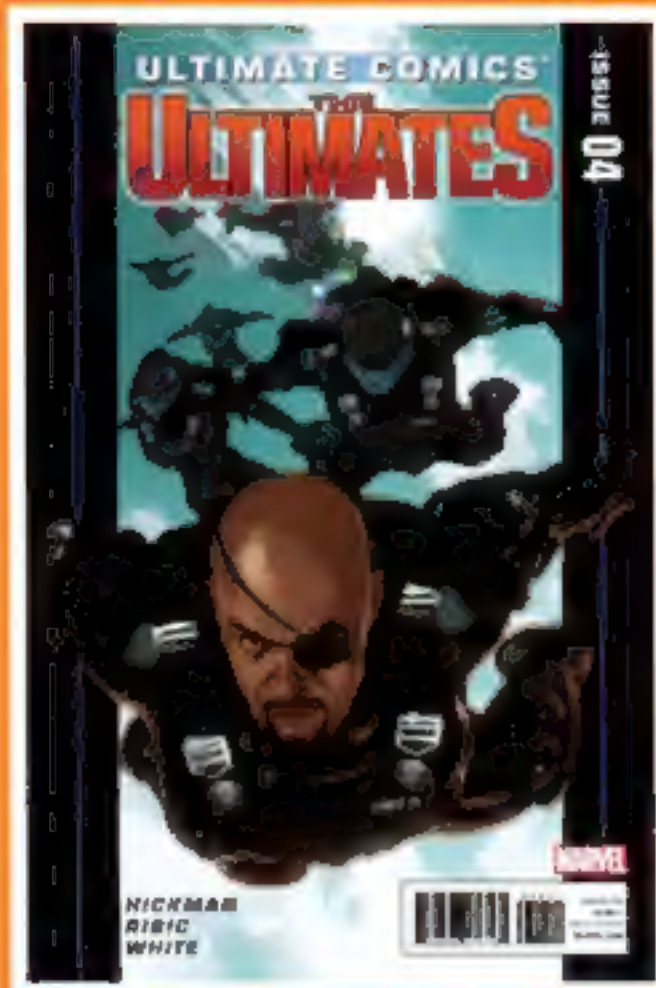
I want to be forgiven.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:



ON SALE NOW!



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